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Bard

WEOGRAPHY

I keep trying to talk about
maps with you on them

where the brook enters the river
marshy confluence our mud,

seabirds and inland fowl commingle—
I know that when I touch the skin

along your upper arm just once
my life is changed

the sea is suddenly near
the coasts stretch unpatrolled

and immigrants splash ashore,
me too, I am salt enough

for you, I wade in, I reach
all the way inside,

too dark to see if you're smiling
as you roll the map up carefully

and stow it where such things go.
And I'm still there when you wake.

10 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Calumet or some old horse
somebody's father bet on once
or in Spain a colonel or
in Ecuador a solitary pine
the Muse means me
to be humble a while when
all the news is bad
and all the books are dull.

11 March 2012, Boston

(Song)

Give me your young house
to fill it with my noise,
a pack of wolves that love you
and chase you upstairs

where after busy darkness you
stand on your roof at dawn
and look out at the empty world
and know you'll never be alone.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Cast the eye the into you
— my plan is to erect a coherent city
between the horns of your pelvis
— you can rule if your choose
or let the Saracens like me
play at being aldermen,
we avail not but we're cute
sort of in our pretentious way.
I can't stop thinking of your bones.
But the city I give you is real,
is worthy of your majesty
while I sit in the Tower composing
my lugubrious *History of the Real World*.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Listen girl I want to make
something of you tell me what
and I'll translate it from Greek
loosely but with feeling till
you're ready to study the mirror
at last. I am the mirror
toxic with mercury and salts
I turn black inside to be so bright
out here. For you. A sad lake
that kills the birds who fly over
but I show true, true. Listen
what I say when you let me
finally look back at you.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Control the shape of time
by theory. Cor-ten steel
the perils of analogy rust
one tenth of an inch not more
how strange things are
in a thing world. Whereas
a simple human outlasts
filaments and even lighter,
tramps tweeting from the freight yard
because yes there still are trains
the eight reindeer of heavy
industry to get stuff here. But I
have no purpose here. The rot
resists decay. The rust
prevents erosion. I linger
as if to look on purpose, have
money for the food-court
words to share with those who share
my table or my mattress. My Bible
I tore up page by page to give
holy stuff to everyone I meet.
Here, read this. This is yours
where Enoch leaves us for
another star where flowers grow
upside down to wake that earth.

We go to the movies and sit
close together, you read your page
by the flicker light of the newest
boring story while I touch
timidly the knob of your left knee.
God wants us to behave like this.

11 March 2012, Boston

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

The courteous German doorman
with extreme myopic lenses
offered my moter-in-law
a wheelchair at the door
“a carriage for madame?”
and so we saw the Kings
of Shambhala arrayed
on the wall blurred
behind glass and hard to read
but I found the Twenty-second
King, Narasimha, Lion among Men,
slipper-footed, sitting
in the Western style, perhaps
our own sovereign, Knowledge
Lord of our own age. Maybe.
A goat is looking up at him,
a lion not far. You squint
to see the picture better, come
away with a taste of it in your mouth.
Familiar. More than you know,
less than you desire.

12 March 2012, Boston

(Old Song)

The sun marries the moon
the moon marries the sea
come and lie in the empty dark
come marry me

The heart hurries the hand
the sky marries the tree
come with me in the noisy dawn
come marry me

The sun marries the moon
the moon marries the sea
come make love in the empty dark
come marry me.

(from my play *Moving Out*)

ca. 1970

recast 12 March 2012

= = = = =

The mercy of trees
would cover the whole
earth if they could

and where trees stand
the earth drinks deep
and catches crystal fire

deep down ever growing
from all the green leaves.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

More delicate than my prey
I suffer the first bite
You're bleeding pleasantly
Soft in my anguished mouth.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

The runes have eyes
the letters are mercies
forgiving all my wrong—
when the lights are out
the alphabet is all about me.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

Little girl besexed
with so many strangenesses
I taste the old
woman in you to
the world in chamomile
around your wakefulness
and I alone your dream
everything contradicts.
Is it awake yet
to be tomorrow or
will you ask of any self
to count in integers?
You're sick little
wonderful person
sick, I have no cure for
your interesting disease.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Nothing animates
words but what drives
along and alive and after
and not fail Story again

but listen where women
trust me, and men scream
alone on desert stones
knowing there is never

anything ever but war.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Nobody's mistress looks like much in pictures
but when the live animal slips into the room
everybody knows it. Photos can show
everything but what really makes a woman so.

13 March 2012

(thinking of Claretta Petacchi)

= = = = =

Off the animal

the fur is a sumptuous reproach.

Wedding bells

break the air.

The vows of children

annihilate the world to come.

Sexual obsession is the root of war

the law is made by sad old men

secret link between Vatican and Taliban

the long sickness of being masculine.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

You're casual enough darling
you don't need me to be slack
I never relax I am always sacred
earnest foolish highfalutin
know more than anybody else
lie down at anybody's feet
you don't need brand names from me
or choco lattes I am green
money for you to spend or save.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

You don't suppose this is really
me talking to you? If it were me
I'd be sitting beside you my tongue
too close to your ear—
then who am I if not me?

I am the voice you hear when you close
your eyes, I am the sound
of what you really expect of yourself
booming out of the darkness. No wonder
you wait for me to be finished and gone.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

I have nothing to say today
nothing to anyone of you
friends dear friends
I wish we could be quiet
together almost touching
but at least we can be
one day on earth quiet alone.
It is silent in me except for your skin.

13.III.12